A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing——
A simple chime, that served to time
The rhythm of our rowing——
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say 'forget'

Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread,
With bitter tidings laden,
Shall summon to unwelcome bed
A melancholy maiden!
We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near.

Without, the frost, the blinding snow,
The storm-wind's moody madness——
Within, the firelight's ruddy glow
And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For 'happy summer days' gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory——
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

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